



# Digestion & Renewal

Bradley Chriss  
Imogene Engine  
Olchar Lindsann

Nicholas Lennard  
Emily Panzeri  
Roland Silnachen

Edited by Olchar E. Lindsann  
Critical Introduction by Netel McBurgenger

## EDITOR'S NOTE

As I am sure you all know, Jung was a ghost that flitted among catacombs of electronic nerves. I myself once saw him wear 672 masks at once, his head lifted to the heavens, a stack of masks swaying this way and that like a gigantic pile of pancakes balanced on a bowling ball. I am not sure where his hands were at the time, but he was gently guided along by Philemon on his right, and William Blake on his left, etching a clear path through the ruined shells of letters, stone, and flaked paint that guarded the ground like a lover jealous of its most private thoughts.

Was he wearing a wrist-watch? I am afraid that we will never know. But I know that a great many slips of paper were fluttering from his mouth, and that he wailed luminously and wordlessly as the voices of unborn ghosts jostled him this way and that. I can promise you this.

Those who hear him best keep their ears locked secretly away in a cabinet that is on a different storey, if not in another building entirely, than the one in which they keep their maps and calculators and the textbooks that taught them why Raskolnikov was a scoundrel and a fool. This distance is immaterial, and that is why its shoulders are doubled and bent under a load of whispers. The amazing thing about Jung is that each of the holes of his skin spoke a different language, just slightly short of the fluency of a native. Forty-four years later, I still see him on the street, though every time I accost him he appears confused and lost, as if he is not himself at all, as if I am merely imagining him, as if he is running from the law, or from laws. As if he had just stepped out from a department store to find that he understood everything, and had no more tears to shed.

Can the dead speak to the dead? There are whole graves dug beneath the sunlight of our brains. I have spent three months with my ear in the soil. A worm has just crawled in, and I feel I will soon be lost. My chest is buoyant.

Enjoy.

OLCHAR  
E.  
LINDSANN

Olchar E. Lindsann

March 12, A.Da. 89

At first I thought it odd when I was asked by Olchar Lindsann (who had in turn compiled this collection for the curator of the whole exhibition, Bradley Chriss) to write a critical introduction to this folio of poems; is it not more standard for the editor to write such an introduction himself? I knew from experience that Lindsann does not answer such questions, but demands that one create one's own answers; and I came to see the sense of the arrangement. For while I am well acquainted with the work of most of the artists represented in this collection, I am put in a position of interpreting an artifact, a text, that was compiled by someone else, left on my own to make sense of it in a way which might bear any degree of likeness or difference to its original intentions or organizing principles; and this is true of individual poems and of the collection as a whole; and this is essentially the position of any artist, in any medium, who tackles the concept of mythology and, thus, of mediating between the prerogatives of one's larger culture, of one's particular society and epoch, and of one's personal artistic modes and concerns. Moreover, Lindsann generally begrudges, but rarely courts, interpretation of specific works, considering the practice of close-reading too potentially destructive to the concept of an open work; so why the change? And I realized that the process of close-reading, on a critical and psychological level, is one that any artist must embark upon before attempting to add their ounce to the weight of tradition; but that this reading will always be flawed, always incomplete. Likewise, the odd delegation of responsibilities, the passage of curatorial/critical duties (for curation and criticism are two sides of one coin, as has been pointed out elsewhere by the editor) is itself a reenactment of the transmission of myth and meaning- the story is passed down, but its import must be rediscovered for each individual, each generation. The concept of mythology, the unraveling of its significance, requires a savage dedication to open-endedness, to the concept of regeneration and endless change; yet it also requires the careful examination of its parts, the critical drive toward interpretation and understanding: the regurgitation of forms, and the renewal of their significance.

### *The Poems*

Bradley Chriss' literary work lays aggressive claim to Western mythology. His treatments seem to bypass the Classical tradition in favor of the Archaic. His mythical world is blunt, grisly, physical and disturbingly amoral. Chriss' *Icarus* seems to waver between gleeful maliciousness and befuddled mourning, both tendencies grounded in unflinching detail and short, heavy end-stopped lines. The first section announces the poem's rhetorical roots in the British/Scandinavian epic tradition with its double alliteration and near-kenning, "charnel chew," while introducing Icarus as a corpse. He is dead already as he enters the poem, doomed. The second section focuses explicitly on Icarus' death; his final gesture is brushed aside without description and is followed by a contemptuous, almost savage description of his evisceration by the sun, likening him to a "piece of shit." Already we notice the narrator's position as passive observer juxtaposed against his direct address to the corpse in second-person; at the end of this section this forces itself upon us as the speaker unexpectedly announces that he is, "really, really sorry." Yet even this might tend toward sarcasm. In the next strophe, the sun becomes suddenly amorous and gentle, even as Icarus is surrounded by a clinical listing of the different kinds of smoke that mark the gradual consumption of his body. Finally, we meet another two-line section, mirroring the

first. "The water meant death," the first line tells us, and only after the enjambed line does the sentence finish, "with relief," thus enacting the passive-aggressive rhetorical style of the two central sections. Through this rhetorical device, the unapologetic physicality of the description, and the dismissal of moralizing or overt philosophizing context (signified in the insignificance, to the speaker, of the gesture in line 3) Chriss strips the story of centuries of artistic and poetic detritus and returns the myth to a nearer approximation of an archetypal experience whose import is experiential rather than critical.

Imogene Engine's "Ophelia Twins" is enigmatic and concise. Ophelia's death is echoed in the exclusive use of the past tense; is the "gorgeous focus," that she maintained her own insanity, singing, "snatches of old tunes;/ As one incapable of her own distress"? (*Hamlet*, Act IV)

Emily Panzeri's contributions to the show deal with how patriarchal mythology can be built upon, or used to reinforce, cultural attitudes toward women. "The Queen of the Deep" is drawn from an Inuit myth in which (in one version) Sedna is given for marriage to a stranger who turns out to be a giant raven, who whisks her away. Her father rescues her, but when their boat begins to sink, he tosses her back into the ocean, where she is eaten; her various body parts become all the creatures of the sea. Panzeri's approach seemingly sidesteps the more obvious Creation aspect of the myth to highlight the cruelty inherent in the story. Yet it is in fact a story of creation, for the absent mother returns to vie with the protagonist as the central character of the poem. The first half of the piece is terse and matter-of-fact, cut into short lines. But as Sedna disappears, the lines become longer, slower as she is drawn down; when she is immersed in the water, the mother returns, and when the daughter (the neutral, depersonalized term used by the end of the piece) is gone, her mother's eyes remain on the surface; Sedna has become the mother, both within the poem's symbolic framework and as a semi-deified nature-mother. The last two lines proclaim the first judgment in the poem, but it is unclear who the judge is; we can only speculate that it is the father, the only surviving character of the poem, and the only male.

In her "From Eros to Thanatos," we are presented with what appears to be the scene of a just-consummated murder in the woods; the title tells us everything else we need to know about the narrative. According to Panzeri, the poem, "not only pits the urge towards life/sex against the urge towards death- but Freud against Jung. Thanatos is known as the greek god of death- but is often overshadowed by Hades (lord of death) as Freud overshadows Jung- his former pupil. The root of Eros and Thanatos are Freudian libidinal beliefs which he used to show the fundamental aspects of the unconscious in universal terms- Jung is in opposition to this via the collective unconscious. Eros/Life is the female character who is murdered and blind to what would happen... as Eros is often shown blindfolded... Her fertility is also mentioned through the image of menstruation... Freud has in the past gone so far as to suggest that Thanatos may manifest as altruism, an idea of his which is put into play by the Thanatos/male character who claims to be defending her... the end of the poem signifies the two perspectives merging quite like how Freud and Jung disagreed but also recognized the archetypal 'murderer and suicide in us'."

Nicholas Lennard's contribution, one of two renditions of "Orpheus" presented here, treats the subject indirectly, and focuses on the god's dismemberment by his initiates. In this quiet piece, the revulsion of nature itself to this act of savagery is subtly insinuated as the river itself, mourning both blood and poetry itself, weeps tears that fly up into the sky, as if raining in reverse.

Olchar Lindsann's literary contributions deal largely with the immersion of myth in language, and in the potential impossibility of separating the myth (either specifically or in its essence) from its virtual embodiment in language. His long-form poem *Sphinx* immediately advertises its connection to the Symbolist tradition through both its subject and its form; of Lindsann's poems presented here, this bears the heaviest formal overtones of Mallarme. In addition to this link between the Symbolists and Lindsann's forbears in Dada and Surrealist poetry, the Sphinx is a key icon in both visual and literary Symbolist art, because of its relationship to an idea central to their work and to Lindsann's: the double-edged quality of language. The riddle can be seen as the epitome of language's ability to simultaneously reveal and conceal; and Lindsann's poem seems to locate this quality in the inherent division-presence/absence, truth/lie- that language embodies as its founding principle, the derridean Hymen. The poem is rife with images of separation, division, slicing and cutting. It is unclear whether the speaker is the Sphinx or its victim, as the very idea of certain individuation gradually collapses. The piece is largely structured around anaphoristic groups of enigmatic questions, and this rhetorical technique, as well as the not-quite-taunting references to, "my crowd of glittered bones," that "clapped excitedly at the vibrato slide of your approach," suggest that the Sphinx is the primary speaker. If so however, it is a Sphinx does not seem predatory so much as confused by its visitor's own confusion, as its "tongue weeps at your cloven corpse." One senses that the Sphinx is not asking a question, so much as that the visitor interprets its utterances *as* questions, unable to apprehend their completion due to his dependence on a language founded in distinctions.

In Panzeri's "Luther's Bible," Judeo-Christian mythology is examined through the actions it inspired from the middle ages through the 17th Century, and specifically through its translating a gender-neutral word in Exodus 22:18 to a gender-charged German, "You shall not suffer a witch to live." In this piece, the female witch, her "genitals inspected before the trial," is ritually de-feminized, her breasts excised and fed to her sons, who are "round," fat, implicating them in the cycle of injustice perpetrated by an institutionalized mythology; but their pockets are also full of the incriminating herb heliotrope, unveiling not only callousness but hypocrisy, while underscoring the unnatural quality of mythology turned against its own culture. Further reinforcing this unnatural relationship, the "pear and the spider," are also names of Medieval torture devices specifically used on female subjects.

Her "Ars Amatoria for Julia" ("Art of Love") refers to the banishment from Rome of both the poet Ovid and Julia by her father, the Emperor Augustus. It is speculated that this was due to the impact of his *Ars Amatoria* on the latter's promiscuity, or that the two had had an affair. The poem, after the title has called up thoughts of the male author of the *Metamorphosis*, quickly switches focus to Julia, in the isolation caused, indirectly, by the work of the title.

Chicago poet Roland Silnachen's "Orpheus' Lament" straddles the lines of concrete poetry and post-Fluxus instruction poetry, and stands in sharp contrast to Nicholas Lennard's more lyrical treatment of the subject. The poem contains no overt references to the Orpheus story, but can be read either as a lament *to* Orpheus as his dismembered head floats down river, singing in death, the speaker crying out against Orpheus' fate and finally proclaiming to the poets' god, "You are Love"; or can be read as Orpheus' lament *as* he floats down river, crying out invectives until he suddenly reaches a realization and cries out: "You are Love!" Furthermore,

while our immediate instinct may be to recognize “fuck the world,” as an invective, it could potentially signify regeneration. To experience the poem, the reader must pronounce the poem out loud, sinking into its dreadful repetitions until “You are Love” does in fact come as a huge psychical and physical relief; this audial aspect is reinforced by the appropriation of musical terms to delineate the “two movements.” Incidentally, the exhibition *Digestion and Regeneration* includes Olchar Lindsann’s *Prometheus strapped Defiantly to the Rock*, which appropriates the phrase “Fuck the world,” from this poem in tribute to his older mentor Silnachen.

Panzeri’s “The Heart of Anaxerete” recounts the story told to Pomona, the goddess of fruit, by the Vertumnus, the god of Autumn. Interestingly, the roles here are the reverse of her other poems presented here: it is the male who suffers and the female who watches. However, the female here is not guilty of active malice, murder or sacrifice; hers is the crime of passivity.

Chriss’ untitled poem deals with the alchemical figures of the hermaphrodite and the homunculus, both of which figure prominently in Jung’s later writings. While the homunculus is generally composed of the alchemists blood, semen, and feces, here it emerges from his stomach, which in turn crawls from his mouth; its creation is enmeshed in processes of speech, digestion, and regurgitation. Furthermore, it is the hermaphrodite, the union of opposites. As it spins wildly, we are assured that its conversation with its creator, from whose waste it is composed, is, “very enlightening.” Yet here, as in Chriss’ *Icarus*, the details of its revelations are brushed aside to focus on its vital activity and miraculous journey into life.

Lindsann’s “Divine Intervention” juxtaposes an asyntactic description of a heavy metal show with images of primordial human experience. The first strophe concentrates on the former, but not so much on the music itself as on the crowd, moving like hundreds of bodies with one mind and goal, “the press gasping surge/ the primal sweat/ the sinew snapping at itself/ the beat claw tribal flex/ the thousand-tendon muscle/ animal enlightenment of pulse-diluted minds.” In the leftmost strophe, image-clusters of more primitive origin emerge, “the (non)memory of millennia/ heaved in shield-walls... the thrashed-dance spear-tip/ damnation leering from forests.” In the third part of the poem, the two merge and form a picture of primal experience seeking and possibly finding a way to manifest itself in a world that seems infinitely removed from a time when myths, and words themselves, were as solid as drums, “philosophy beaten on stretched skin.”

His “St. Sebastian in the South Pacific” presents us with the martyred saint pierced not with arrows and spears but with words and punctuation marks. The ironic thing, of course, is that aside from five sets of parentheses, the only punctuation mark in the poem is the comma in “ah, well,” the signification of resignation and crestfallen passivity. We find the saint assailed by the hallucinatory language that preserves him, as cultural memory, but also prevents our ever fully apprehending the experience which is the ostensible *raison d’être* of his cultural preservation. Lindsann implies that language is inherently dangerous and shifting; the jarring enjambment and disrupting parantheticals only bring this quality to the fore.

## Ode to Icarus

I.

Icarus: Your broken charnel chew  
Is bloating below.

II.

I saw you make a gesture.  
The sun then proceeded to tear  
the living shit out of you.  
You dropped like a turd.  
A burnt piece of shit.  
I'm really really sorry.

III.

Fire kissed you all over  
your naked body.  
You were surrounded by:  
Feather smoke, hair smoke,  
Skin smoke, and finally  
blood smoke. Wax seeped  
into your wounds.

IV.

The water meant death  
with relief.

*Bradley Chriss*

## Ophelia Twins

1- She maintained her gorgeous focus.

2- she became soft and small.

*Imogene Engine*

### **The Queen of the Deep**

Father had thrown Sedna over the boat,  
to save himself during the storm.  
He said that only one person's weight  
would prevent the boat from capsizing.

When she tried to climb back in  
he cut off her fingers.

She looked like her mother as she drifted down into the abyss.  
Her hair was like his, and was the first to disappear...  
but the eyes were like hers, and stayed at the surface  
as a set of raw fish being eaten by a raven on an island of rocks.

*Emily Panzeri*

### **From Eros to Thanatos**

Her lover did not premeditate the murder.  
He had learned passionate crimes from his cannibal father.

Her profile looked immortal pressed into the snow-  
as natural as pollen,  
as unstained as soap.  
Her blood spread as a menstrual nimbus.  
Her visible eye aimed to a preverbal heaven.

He reconciled the act,  
nodding as he left the forest.  
He had defended her from the whole of the world...  
dawn closing its mouth  
as pine trees split  
burdened by the groan of ice.

*Emily Panzeri*



## Orpheus

Lapping through the reeds-  
it sounds like music, or like words  
more than ever now.

We have listened long:  
If nature had a tongue to speak  
it would say nothing, dumb.

Water smooths or sings,  
or thins white life with latent pain;  
never loves, or weeps.

A voice floats like a twig,  
as if a silent soul bled words,  
drowning without flail.

The wailing in the woods  
is past. Tears fall from river to  
the sky. Draw nearer- here

water whispers now.  
Its voice has caught, red like words,  
blood among the reeds.

*by Nicholas Lennard*

## Sphinx

and where did you think you would find

?

my voice cradled your divided spine

you knew

whenwherewhathow

my crowd of glittered bones clapped excitedly at the vibrato slide of your  
approach

did they stretch toward you like rubber bands?

did their dusty tongues wriggle and scrape against the grainy wind?

and did you think

you would find

?

and did you think

you would wind your wrinkles back into mires of pungent flesh?

my tongue is curled against your face

my taste-buds blink and whisper you

are dark

dark

*and where and why?*

*and what and when?*

*and who and how?*

*and where and who?*

*and what and why?*

*and where and how?*

*and how and when?*

*and what and where?*

*and why and when?*

*and how and what?*

*and who and why?*

*and when and where?*

*and how and who?*

the level sands stretch far away like rubber bands  
you stick awkwardly from the lambent earth  
tell me

*why do your separate limbs litter the sea?*

*where is the graveyard of your cells that died strangled in their passion?*

*what is the green trail of dust that shadows you like a gaping pit?*

you see  
the crunch of white that wails at your feet

here  
here  
here  
here  
here

do not choke on my breath  
my words flake from the skin of my brain  
i swim through them like adders  
you see?  
i have not sliced myself in half and grasped myself and wept you see?  
there are no tears dripping from my sentences or veins you see?

will you  
drown in clauses  
?

the gallery coughs dirt at your stuttered posture and hung lips  
limping under your load of wonders you  
have crawled here since your first glance at  
yourself ripped you from  
yourself from everything from  
your left from  
your right you  
crawled to me

the house applauds with the flutter of dead birds  
lightly fingers marking chalk in their wake upon your arm you  
plodded since the day names tumbled from your tongue to  
me you  
dragged your toes to  
me you  
sliced the bonds with syllables and ran to  
me you  
sliced yourself in half and wept

and now in weakness you lean on your distended tongue

now  
now  
now  
now  
now

do you see  
a question marked in my hunched brow do you  
see my words tumble from your split mouth

?

i am stoic as an atmospheric shard  
tell me

*when will you drain into the hollows of your eyes?*

*who drags scalpels through your palate and brains?*

*how will you tell me when you have mated with the skulls?*

you see  
a sea of slaughtered pilgrims at your feet

and where and why?  
and what and when?  
and who and how?  
and where and who?  
and what and why?  
and where and how?  
and how and when?  
and what and where?  
and why and when?  
and how and what?  
and who and why?  
and when and where?  
and how and who?

do you see  
that my tongue weeps at your cloven corpse  
insisting that your echoes fall ordered at your feet  
elastic at last  
brittle as scalpels calcified and beaten into  
the bones of a legion of split men  
?

let bones of tongues caress you

ask no more of me

### **Luther's Bible**

A burning pile of green wood.  
Push her back into the flames-  
into the oval of peat and coal.

Only a woman is a witch...  
genitals inspected before the trial.

Her breasts cut off like husks  
and fed to her round sons-  
their pockets full of heliotrope.

Black dogs gallop and laugh in the mid-day smoke.  
Burn her blood-  
cast her with the pear and the spider.

A tight knit choir of peasants gather holding Luther's bible.

*Emily Panzeri*

### **Ars Amatoria for Julia**

A beheaded and underground Julia-  
exiled to the Black Sea.  
Julia is a fixed body-  
rotating without point...  
vibrating unheard white noise-  
eyes sapless and unclosed.

Alone, in the darkness,  
she is her own audience-  
the sole witness to her crystalized kinesis.  
Her body rendered useless-  
saliva dried in the corner of her mouth.  
Her lungs turned ultraviolet from unreleased screams.

She does not yearn to be because she is.

*Emily Panzeri*

### Orpheus' Lament: In Two Movements

by Roland Silnachen

You are Love.

### **The Heart of Anaxerete**

He became a servant of her house-  
feeding his passion with the sight of her.

The young slope of her neck a stratagem for his end.

He threw himself daily at her feet,  
her laughter greeting his pleas as a golden knife-  
the aloof blade he longed to touch.

When he hanged himself above her doorway  
she treated his body as a mirror- but saw nothing.

She ran to the roof of her house to see his funeral-  
her body turned to stone to match the climate of her heart.

*Emily Panzeri*

my stomach crawled out of  
my mouth.  
my stomach hatched.  
The hermaphroditic homonoculus  
came out of it.  
I said oh my!  
The homonoculus started  
running around me  
All around.  
It said some things.  
I said some things.  
It was very enlightening.  
hmpf!,

*Bradley Chriss*



## Divine Intervention

*"Laughing as you eternally rot,  
Searching for human flesh  
And Life's blood"*

*-Slayer, "Live Undead", from South of Heaven*

the crushing creeps before the blast  
dead skin behind the mask  
crowding (as if)  
to see the serum spread before the clash  
(of s/cymbols)  
the loud impatient hush  
then

dim forms the mechanical smoke  
the air thick with blasts  
(double-quick)  
the Jungian impend  
the sixteen-cut call  
the ensemble to sliding arms  
and  
the thousand-throated word:

then

the press gasping surge  
the primal sweat  
the sinew snapping at itself  
the beat claw tribal flex  
the thousand-tendon muscle  
animal enlightenment of pulse-diluted minds  
weirdly wakened to the chunk of charged string

screams

the cloven-hoofed spleen plays  
the unanimous forebode of next  
lone voice atonal screech and swallowed  
by the vein outside the ear  
the cleansing rain of blood

and

the (non)memory of millennia  
heaved in shield-walls  
religion written in gangrenous limbs  
philosophy beaten on stretched skin  
felt with the earnestness of flesh  
the thrashed-dance spear-tip  
damnation leering from forests that  
slaughter allegory

and

have we fallen so far?

or

bonds still fold down two fingers  
ward off vestiges of sunlight  
one set of the philosophy of caves  
ethics of embodiment

vicious sincerity of the newly crawled from clay  
one tip of contact with essential  
and throwing all reserve into the pit  
laugh at the memory of forests  
bristling with purely more than physical threat

and  
skin and strings race like thoughts  
savage intricacy  
leaving words abhorred  
slashing all complacency to chaos  
ordered on the bones of ancient terrors

this is real art  
(it makes the ears bleed)

*Olchar E. Lindsann, A.Da. 88*

### **St. Sebastian in the South Pacific**

o, sling me with precocious arrows  
(words are eating me)  
wing conflate the eardrum-major  
like a scare-crow  
set me up on a post and shake me at passers-by  
(parentheses have sharp teeth)  
beat beat beat  
music you abhor is God-like in  
obsequious wrath  
math is full of holes  
(easier to sink/in)  
but there is no reasoning with lies  
their arguments are water-tight  
(letters leer suspiciously)  
help I drown  
sevens don't float  
and I see the fins of commas  
circling  
(punctuation smells blood a mile away)  
how I love plastic love floats for short periods  
of time  
ah, well  
the sentence is passed prepare  
me for my  
typewriter death

*Olchar E. Lindsann, A.Da. 88*

The following missives have been mailed anonymously over the course of a year to the editors of *The Appropriated Press*, in which several of the other poems in this collection have been printed. The senders give no return address except the postscript, "MONTANA," and there has been no contextual information.

*O. Lindsann / Bradley Chriss*

Beware: Modernists still live. We are going to devour them. Every inch of tissue shall be chewed, then swallowed. The modernist flesh shall stew in our belly, here the homonoculus shall be born. He-She will ride the rotted earth belly horse god. As horse-god tramples on all heads, He-She will speak out of His-Her head, then all will be known (lost).

The (homonoculus) crawls forth from our belly. He-She speaks lies (truth). This is the anti.

Day and night we have forged fireknife. The He-She shall place this knife in the eyes and hearts of all people. Only then the anti will appear (disappear).

We have visited the tongues of all people, if is here we have tried to wrestle the words away and bring forth the anti. We now know that the tongue is tool of heart and eyes. We have set to our last supper: All modernists will be devoured. Prepare for the rotted life horse God.

The sun spins into itself. 3 million days of darkness.  
Will arrive under the hooves of rotted earth belly horse.  
We shall choke on the mane. Oh, horse god your rotted  
tongue brings forth sweet worded scent that drapes  
the world in darkness. A night cloak for our conscious  
mind. We are bringing an end to all of this. Ten thousand  
tongues praying means nothing new. We shall chew on  
the hearts of all people and build their hearts anew with  
the words of the dying (life) horse god. make peace with  
the death of the new. Take comfort within the rotted earth  
belly for it lies but steps in front of you.

We have cum.

The world thought we were false. And we are. The world thought we were full of shit, and we are. We ride like 10,000 horsemen of the Apocalypse. Clouds weep with our virility. Both sexes are crippled. The oceans are filled with dead horses now. Banality once carefully stitched the clothes of our hearts and genitals, but no longer. The enlightenment will choke on our cocks. All modernists will die. Our feet are covered in flame. All that was held sane shall be trampled and we will eat the Ashes and crap the new hearts of humanity.

Humanity lies sleeping in a field of dry old horse teeth. We have come to wake them (us). Their (our) task then is to gild the teeth in gold. They (we) must then gouge out their eyes and replace them with the teeth. Only then may we find the grass beneath.

DEAR MONTANA,

Behold!

I cannot utter with vider. I spoke to the snails  
whom spoke of these things: He(she) rides Again.

I am sailing into it, I have only small fees now.  
I wish that the snails imitated some absence, some

(un) sense in for it is the anti of the anti.

Their slime was majestic. I saw her(him) in it.

(s)he rode upon and under the horse! **THE HORSE!**

Words and un words came rolling and unfolding

Revealing unness and antun. I saw a bed

lurk of teeth and tongues, The pillow was breathing

and soft words it unantied. Under under under my

boat, I hear herim under under **THE HORSE!**

I sail - they ride tide wide. Always underneath the

herim and the horse. The horse is dead. The horse

swallowed the earth. Herim who is born from unbelly

Rides, **THE HORSE!**

soon

so

soon

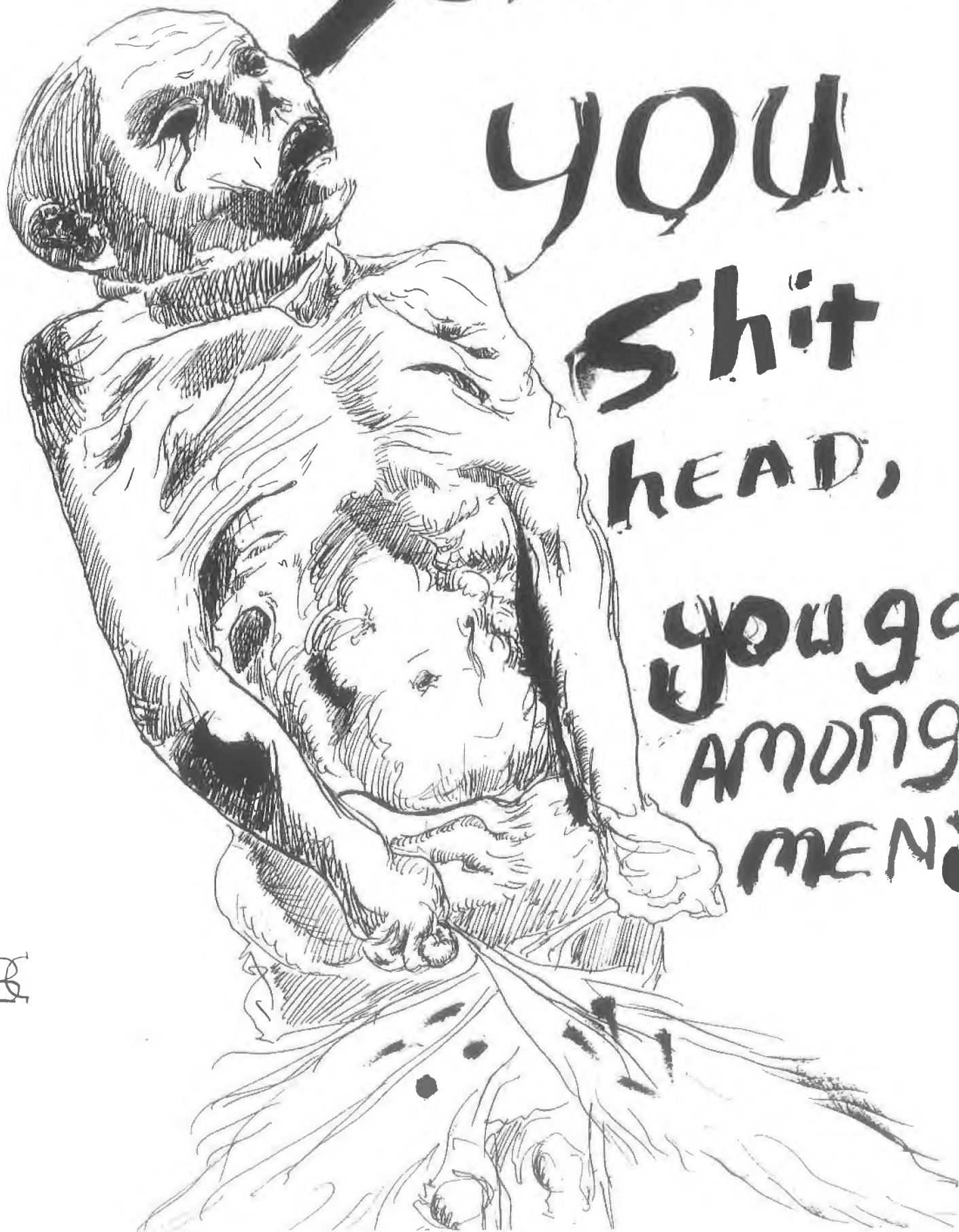
soon  
so

ICARUS

YOU

Shit  
HEAD,

YOU GOD  
AMONG  
MEN!



B